THE LILY.

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Life is Onward.

Life is onward; use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly,—choose it
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.
Life is onward; never
Look upon the past,
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion.
Weave it as you please:
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.
Life is onward: try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue,—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.
Life is onward: heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.
Life is onward: prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
In its humble form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

TRUST IN GOD AND PERSEVERE.

"Why so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arms around his neck, and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile and replied—"I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits, a physician's profession is the worst. Here I have been, week after week, and month after month, and I soon may say year after year, waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known, but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and if unknown, see men without half his acquirements, rolling in wealth, while he, perhaps, is starving. And it will soon come to that," he added bitterly, "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear stole into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said—

"Do not despond, Ernest. I know you have talents and knowledge to make your way as soon as you get a start, and depend upon it," she said, with a cheerful look, "that will come when you least expect it."

"So you have told me, often told me, but the lucky hour has never come," said her husband, despondingly. "And now every cent of our little fortune has been expended, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found that we do not pay. What then is to become of us."

Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given way to tears if she had been alone; but she felt the necessity of sustaining him, and answered cheerfully.

"And what if every cent is gone? have no fear that we shall starve. God sent ravens to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for your aid. Trust in him, dear Ernest.

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke, and answered less despondingly,

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day laborer, the humblest farmer, is sure of his food and raiment, but I have spent years in study.—Have wasted years besides waiting for practice; and now, when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood, I lose all that I have spent, both time and money, and must forever abandon the idea of pursuing my profession. It is too hard!" and he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed and remained silent.

But, after a moment or two, she arose, went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arms, said—

"Dear Ernest you must not worry yourself so. You think it painful for me to bear poverty, I know, or you would not take it so hard, but a woman never regards such things when sho loves. A crust of bread, a log cabin, would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me that you will yet be great and rich. Have patience only a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door now—it may be for you."

As it her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis, and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile, his wife ran for his hat, and sat down with a beatiug heart to await his return.

It was almost the first summons that the young physician had received, though he had resided in the village more than a year. The place, too, was large and populous, and had a number of physicians, who all combined to put down their rival. More than once, heretofore, Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair. But his young wife cheered and encouraged him—though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood was, indeed, the greatest of all blessings, a good wife; she sympathized with her husband. economised to the utmost, and by her sanguine words chased despondency from his heart.

Hour after hour she sat there awaiting her husband, yet still he came not. At length darkness set in, and she begun to feel uneasy. She was about to go to the door when she heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurrying out she met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "If it had not been for you, I should have given up long ago, and now my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unmindful of his probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting-room where the tea things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "that I was sent for to old Governor Houston's—the richest and most influential man, you know, in the country, and when I got there I learned to my surprise, that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage, and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town had been sent for one after another, but none could aid him. In despair, his wife, without orders, had sent for me. I saw his only chance for life depended on a new and difficult operation, which none of the other physicians ever saw performed. Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old Governor is a man of iron nerves and quick resolution; so, when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my care. I succeeded beyond my hopes; even the other physicians acknowledged my skill; and there is now nothing but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting he put a roll of notes in my hands."

Mary was in tears long before her husband had finished his narrative; but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every man's mouth, and by the aid of his patient, who now became his patron, he stepped at once into practice among the best families of the place. Wealth as well as reputation flowed in upon him, but he always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered and sustained him when out of heart.

"There was nothing," he would say, "like a faithful wife; under God, our weal or woe for this life depends on her. If she is desponding, your sanguine spirit catches the infection; but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you in the darkest hours, and enable you to achieve what you first thought impossibilities.

Our success in this world, as well as our happiness, depends chiefly on our wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, 'equal to either fortune,' who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty; and who, under all circumstances, will be his helpmeet."

THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.

A late number of the National Era contains an able article, written by L. A. Hine, showing the influence of mothers in the formation of the character of children. It is entitled "The Mothers of Greatness." The writer asserts that nearly all of goodness and greatness in human character is due to maternal influence, and shows how much more, in the present state of society, the early development of children depends upon the errors and the virtues of the mother, than upon those of the father.

"The influence of the mother," he says, "extends back even for months anterior to the birth of her offspring. That they are highly susceptible of impressions communicated through the maternal mind during the embryonic period, no longer admits of a doubt. During this time, the mother exercises supreme dominion, except so far as the conduct of the husband may influence the mind of his wife. This is her peculiar empire, in which she reigns the almost absolute queen of individuals and of nations. She has now the young mind exclusively under her control, and, if she understand the manner of imparting character to it, she can, by the exercise of her own will, bring into the world such a being as she pleases. If she would give birth to a Josephine or a Howard, a Timor or a Nero, she can do so by a simple and silent exercise of her will. If she has an enemy she hates, this hatred can be made doubly strong in her offspring. It was probably in view of these considerations that Plato laid down the rule that education must commence *previous* to the birth of the child, in the parents themselves."

Many instances are brought in proof of these assertions. The mothers of Lord Bacon, of Napoleon, of Henry the Fourth, of Sir Philip Sydney, of Lichtenburg, of Novatis, of Edmund Waller, of Elizabeth Frey and of John Wesley, are shown to have possessed great strength of character, lofty and ingenious spirits, and ennobling virtues. We would gladly publish the article entire, but are prevented from doing so on account of its length. The following in relation to the mother of John Wesley will be read with interest.

—From this brilliant source of modern speculative philosophy, let us recur to another centre of power more familiar to the masses of mankind, if not more distinguished for his genius. Reference is now made to John Wesley, who, in connection with a younger brother, was the father of Methodism. Who was the mother of these brothers that struck out a new path in which millions have since traveled to the land of spirits? We find she was the wife of a clergyman who was strict in his attendance on the sittings of the Convocations. During his absence, she conceived the full idea of her responsibility to her large family. As there was no Sabbath afternoon service at Epworth, where she lived, she prayed in her family, read a sermon, and engaged in religious conversation. Some of the more pious parishioners accidentally called in on these occasions, and they were not excluded. About this time she procured a work that greatly enkindled her ardor for "good works." Her little audience soon numbered forty and fifty, to whom she prayed, and read from the book that had so justly awakened her attention to divine things, and finally her house was not able to contain the multitude that waited upon her ministrations. This invasion of the duties of the sterner sex, and this palpable violation of the injunction of St. Paul, excited the jealousy and indignation of some of the deacons of the parish, and they represented the affair to her husband in no very pleasant terms. He was thus induced to write to her, objecting to her conduct, as "it looked particular," because of her sex, and also because he was in a public station which rendered it necessary that he should do nothing to excite the public censure; and he recommended that some man read in her stead. In her reply, she thanked him for his plainness of speech, and, as to its *looking particular*, she said, "I grant it does, and so does everything that is serious, or that may in any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of the pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because, in our corrupt age, the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of confessing ourselves to be Christians." As to the objection on account of her sex, she said she was a woman, it was true, and though he was the rightful lord of the family, yet she was the mistress, and during his absence she thought her children were committed to her under a trust from the great Lord of all families of heaven and earth. How should she answer to Him if she failed? As to bringing censure upon him, she said: "For myself, I value no censure on this account; I have long since shaken hands with the world; and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me."

Whereupon, Mrs. Wesley, deeming her obligations to her Lord of heaven superior to those to her marital lord, continued her religious ministrations to the hungry and thirsty souls of Epworth. Finally, matters waxed worse and worse, and the Curate of the Parish became alarmed for the cause of decency, good manners, and religion, remonstrated most energetically with Mr. Wesley, having himself been worsted in an interview with the Priestess of Epworth. Mr. Wesley thereupon addressed his rebellious wife a second letter, communicating his decided disapprobation. To this she did not reply for some days, thinking it best to take time for deliberation in so important a negotiation. At length she wrote her answer, and, after stating the good that had been in the meetings, and her persuasion as to her duty to continue them, she said—"If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your *positive* command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ." Heroic Woman! She believed it her duty to submit to the commands of her temporal lord, but there must be no lack of explicitness in the terms of the command. They must be such as would leave her no discretion in dissolving a meeting she regarded as of great importance to the souls of Epworth. In this case she did not rebel against her husband, but stated her convictions, and only awaited his *positive* command, so so that she might be acquitted before the great tribunal. Doubtless, Mr. Wesley at this time began to fear that his wife was right, and an alarm began to seize him, lest he should be a defaulter in her presence before the judgement seat of the universe. Here we see the potency of superior mental power ruling the minds of others silently, yet effectually. Mrs. Wesley violated no duty to her husband, even though that husband was entitled to the supreme command. She merely set forth in good, sound language, her own views as to her obligations to God and the souls of the people, and threw upon him a responsibility under which he trembled. He chose rather to let her take her own course than risk the consequences which this powerful woman indicated. But this is not the only instance in which Mrs. Wesley was true to her own convictions and consequece. She was an honest out spoken man, and not timid in expressing her convictions as to all questions, whether religious or political. The dispute arose among the people, whether the Prince of Orange was entitled to the throne of the realm. In this she differed with Mr. Wesley, who told her that he never would again cohabit with her until she should change her opinion. But her opinions were her own individual property, of which she could not divest herself, and her honesty forced her to declare the fact. Accordingly, true to his threat, he took his saddle-bags and a crust of bread, mounted his gray mare, and rode away, leaving her and a large family for twelve months, when the death of the king released him from his vow. The heroic John Wesley, the founder of the largest Protestant sect, was the first birth after the reunion of his parents. If the influence of this separation so chastened the spirits of his parents as to impress the son with his noble character, then fortunate was the temporary disagreement! How much of the Father of Methodism can be traced to the character of his mother!—We see in her the spirit of inquiry, the lofty tone of independence, and the mental power calculated to govern, which distinguished her illustrious son! In his writings do we not discover one distinguishing feature of Methodism? John Wesley was born in 1703.

MY NEW COOK.

BY MRS. JOHN SMITH.

For some time past, I have had a treasure of a cook; a fine Bucks county girl, whose strongest recommendation in my eyes, when I engaged her, was that she had never been out of sight of land. But, week before last she left my house for a "better place," as she said. I might have bribed her to remain, by an offer of higher wages; but, experience has demonstrated to my satisfaction, that this kind of bribery never turns out well. Your servant' in most instances, soon becomes your mistress—or, at least, makes bold efforts to assume that position.

So, I let my Bucks county girl go to her "better place." As to how or why it was to be a better place, I did not make enquiry. That was her business. She was a free agent, and I did not attempt to influence her. In fact, being of rather an independent turn of mind myself, I sympathize with others in their independence, and rarely seek to interfere with a declared course of action.

My new cook, unfortunately, had been out of sight of land, and that for weeks together. She was fresh from the Emerald Island. When she presented herself, I saw in her but small promise. Having learned on enquiry that her name was Alice Mahony, I said—

"How long have you been in this country, Alice?"

There was a moment or two of hesitation.—Then she answered,

"Sax months, mum."

I learned afterwards that she had arrived only three days before.

"Can you cook?" I enquired.

"Och, yis! Ony thing, from a rib of bafe down till a perate."

"You're sure of that, Alice?"

"Och! sure, mum."

"Can you give me a reference?"

"I've got a character from Mrs. Jordan, where I lived in New York. I've only been here a few days. Biddy Jones knows me."

And she produced a written testification of ability, signed "Mary Jordan, No. — William-st., N. Y." There wrs a suspicious look about this "character;" but of course I had no means of deciding whether it were a true or false document.

After some debate with myself, I finally decided to give Alice a trial.

It so happened that on the very day she came

...d lady friend of my mother's, accompanied ...her two daughters, both married and house-...pers, called to spend the afternoon and take ... As they lived at some distance, I had tea ...ite early, not waiting for Mr. Smith, whose ...siness kept him away pretty late.

During the afternoon my "butter man" came. Occasionally he brings some very nice country sausages, and I always make it a point to secure a few pounds when he does so. He had some on this occasion.

"Alice," said I, as I entered the kitchen about four o'clock, "I want you to hurry and get tea ready as quickly as you can."

"Yes mum," was the ready reply.

"And Alice," I added—"we'll have some of those sausages with the tea. They are very fine ones—better than we usually get. Be sure to cook them very nice."

"Yes mum," promptly replied the girl, looking quite intelligent.

A few more directions as to what we were to have were given, and then I went up to sit with my company.

It was not my intention of trusting all to the doubtful skill of my new cook, but, either the time passed very rapidly, or she was more prompt and active than is usual among cooks, for the tea bell rung before I was in expectation of hearing it.

"Ah," said I, "there is our tea bell," and I rose, adding, "will you walk into the dining room, ladies?"

The words were no sooner uttered than a doubt as to all being as I could wish crossed my mind; and I regretted that I had not first repaired to the dining hall alone. But it was too late now; or, rather, I did not happen to have sufficient presence of mind to recall my invitation to the ladies to walk into tea, until I had preceded them a few minutes.

Well, we were presently seated at the tea table. My practised eye instantly saw that the cloth was laid crookedly, and that the dishes were placed in a slovenly manner.

I couldn't help a passing apology, on the ground of a new domestic, and then proceeded to the business of pouring out the tea. The cups were handed around, and I soon noticed that my guests were sipping from their spoons in a very unsatisfactory manner. I was in the act of filling my own cup from the urn, when I missed the plate of sausages about which I had boasted to my lady friends as something a little better than were usually to be obtained. So I rung the table bell. Alice presently made her appearance.

"Alice," said I, "where are the sausages I told you to cook. You surely havn't forgotten them?"

"Och, no indade, mum. They're there."

"Where? I don't see them."

And my eyes ran around the table.

"They're wid the ta mum, sure!"

"With the tea?"

"Sure, mum, they're wid the ta. Ye towld me yees wanted the sassages wid the ta; and sure they're there. I biled 'em well."

A light now flashed over my mind. Throwing up the lid of the tea urn, I thrust in a fork, which immediately came in contact with a hard substance. I drew it forth, and exhibited a single link of a "well biled" sausage.

Let me draw a veil over what followed.

[Arthur's Home Gazette.

The fashion of adorning the person, is becoming ridiculously fashionable, and the value of the jewels which are worn by many of our ladies, would afford a comfortable subsistence to an indigent person for five years. The custom, or fashion, or habit—we care not which term is applied—is gaining ground daily, and to illustrate the extent to which it is carried by the ladies, we will make use of the language of a cotemporary, who asserts that "he met a lady a few days since, who had a farm on one wrist, a four-story house around her neck, and at least six Life Memberships to the Bible Society attached to each ear." [Exchange.

SHORT DEESSES.

We are glad to see that several of the most respectable ladies of our village possess sufficient independence to show their disregard of the imperious mandates of Fashion, and consult comfort and convenience in the matter of dress. It is now quite commnn to see the short dress and pantalettes in our streets. and it is admitted by nearly all that they are a decided improvement upon the *draggling* style. Indeed, they are very generally admired, and we hope that occasional rude and insulting remarks from blackguards, and the annoying conduct of ill-mannered boys, will not discourage the ladies in their attempt to introduce a wholesome and much needed reform.

[Seneca Co. Courier.

We are pleased to learn that some of the ladies of Seneca Falls have commenced a reform in the style of female attire. We have no certain idea of the style introduced, but suppose it to be that of the short dress and Turkish trowsers—the most beautiful and graceful female dress in the world. The moral courage and firmness in thus breaking ground against the street sweeping drapery of fashion, demands our admiration. Were the new style to be adopted here, the street Commissioner would sue the wearers for damage. The cleaning of sidewalks and crossings would then be thrown upon the city.

[Cayuga Chief.

Draggley Dresses.—Ladies, we are daily disgusted at seeing you sweep the filthy streets with your long dresses. What a nasty fashion! What masses of mud cling to your skirts, your stockings, and all the et ceteras of your pedal extremities! What a wanton waste of fabric and of soap! How many dozen pairs of stockings it takes a week to keep you decent about the ankles! But we have not the stomach to pursue the subject. Will Mrs. Swisshelm or Mrs. Partington come to our aid, and give these abominable draggle skirts a regular blowing up?

[Cattaraugus Chronicle.

Poor fellow! We prescribe an emetic or cold shower bath for your case. [Ed. Lily.

The Providence Female Physiological Society.—We are glad to know that this Society continues to dispense the principles of life and health in courses of Lectures on Physiology, delivered by their own members; among whom we find the names of the well known Mrs. Davis, formerly Mrs. Wright; and Miss Mowry. an educated, practical physician.

This Society was organized some two years ago, and we have every reason to hope that it will be permanently continued and liberally sustained. The price of membership is only half a dollar per year, and each member has admission to all the lectures. [Water Cure Journal.

True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It sacrifices every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the soul; and if it not necessarily includes, at least it reflects, a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

It is one of the good signs of the times, that lectures on literature and science are taking their place among other public amusements, and attract even more than theatres. This is one of the first fruits of our present intellectual culture. What a harvest may we hope for from its wider diffusion!

The prophet Isaiah speaks of some being drawn to sin as with cart-ropes; a striking emblem of the power with which a reluctant victim is dragged along by the habits which have been fastened to his nature.

Minds capable of the greatest things, can enjoy the most trivial; as the elephant's tusk can knock down a lion, or pick up a pin.

For the Lily.

☞ A lady complains in a paper, of the spitting nuisance in traveling vehicles and steamboats. The tobacco chewers cover the floors with saliva, which is wiped up by the long dresses now worn by the women, and the expense of mopping is saved to the owners of the vehicles. The lady suggests that spitting should be forbidden, like smoking. It would be impossible to enforce such a prohibition, but separate cars might be assigned to chewers and spitters, as they now are to smokers and colored people. [Ex.

For the benefit of the lady correspondent, I would state that the women of Seneca County have found out how to keep their dresses out of this extract of the Virginia weed—and that is by cutting them off to the knee. But inasmuch as it is very disgusting to step into these puddles, we should be right glad to see these spitters shut up by themselves. I fear the whole train, nearly, would be filled with this class, as spitting is a most fashionable vice in our country. Men, women and children, are alike its victims. Go into our churches, school-rooms, depots, halls, steamboats and cars, and every man has a puddle by his side. Go into our Senate Chambers and Halls of Congress, and you will see every law maker seated beside a spit box. Go into our parlors, and even there the disgusting spittoon meets your eye. One would think the whole nation had been *salivated*, such extensive preparations are made to catch the saliva, and yet so much remains on the surface. Would it not be well, mothers and teachers, for you to prevent, if possible, the young republicans from forming this abominable habit? Mrs Stanton E.

DAME NATURE.

Some people think old Dame Nature does all things well; but we think she is as blind as Dame Fortune herself, and as stupid as Congress on private-bill day, else she would have placed the vital organs of ladies, of the present day, in their arms, down near the wrists, where the ornamental sleeve and balloon puffings would have given them room to move. If she comprehended the fitness of things, and was not as obstinate as a mule, she would not cling to her old plans, regardless of all modern improvement in this great age of discovery! What business has she to crowd her stomachs, and hearts, and livers, and lungs into peoples' trunks, without regard to how much they may be in the way of their wardrobe? If she had eyes and common sense she could see that the chest, of all the other parts of the body, is just that where a lady has no room for internal machinery; nnd what is the reason she does not move her workshop out of the way, and set up her engine in some part of the establishment that will be less inconvenient to the mistress of the mansion? We would just like some of the admirers of Nature to answer these questions, and we "pause for a reply."

[Sat. Visiter.

Woman's Right.—On this subject the Boston Transcript says—

We see no objection to admitting women to the practice of medicine, or of law and divinity, if they have a gift that way. In France they enter much more generally into commercial pursuits than here; and we see no good reason why the Parisian custom should not be adopted in this respect as well as in the matter of bonnets.

In families, where the young men are sent forth at an early age to fight their way with the world, the daughters are often brought up as though their only object in life was to catch a husband. A little music, a little French, and a little embroidery, makes the sum total of their accomplishments. What obstacle is there but an irrational, social prejudice, to their occupying themselves in some useful employment like the male members of the family?

There is no face so pleasant to behold as the face that loves us.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

EMPLOYMENT OF FEMALES.

Taking into consideration the very limited number of industrial occupations to which females, unfortunately cast upon their own resources, are at present restricted, would it not be well if philanthropists would seek to open other avenues of usefulness, to this, otherwise helpless, but most deserving portion of the community?

We exercise in social life an almost chivalric gallantry towards women. We vacate our seats in their behalf at the theatre, in omnibusses and in cars. We give them the best part of the pavement in cities; we protect them over the dangerous crossings of crowded streets; and yet, strange to say, we shoulder them out of employment in those trades and callings, better suited to their genius than to our manliness.

Would it not be well to reflect, that in closing to them the avenues to industry, we force them into the paths of vice? An educated woman, thrown suddenly penniless upon the world, has far less pride than educated man reduced to the same condition; and where he, rather than stoop to an industrial occupation, would either steal, shark or gamble; she will bend to her circumstances, and work. What if we were to endeavor to enlarge their sphere of usefulness, by giving up to them, *wholly*, the occupation of selling dry goods and fancy articles, and the duties of book keepers in these and similar establishments? The young men at present employed in those enervating occupations, might very easily find a nobler and more manly field for the exercise of their talents.

At present, too, females are restricted by the merchant Tailors to the making of pantaloons and vests. Is it from want of capacity that the more profitable work of making coats is denied to them? We think those who judge so lightly of a woman's ability with her needle, must surely be in error; and it is strange to us, that in these days of progress, an employment so peculiarly feminine as that of tailoring, should be entrusted to men at all. The very sedentary nature of the business renders it better suited to women than men, and it is a field which, harmonizing with their talents, we should think they would gladly occupy.

Certain branches of watch-making, and of the manufacture and repair of jewelry, seem to us also well suited to female labor. Indeed, in nearly all those trades where the articles fabricated are required to be of neat and delicate workmanship, women might be engaged, usefully to themselves, and certainly with benefit to their employers.

In the condition that forlorn females are now placed, crowding the only avenues open to them, beaten down below remunerative prices by reason of their numbers and their eagerness for work; any introduction, of even a portion of them, into other trades or professions, would tend not only to the benefit of those who should be so fortunate as to find employment therein, but by relieving the extreme pressure at present existing among them, alleviate to a corresponding degree, the great mass of sufferers.

To see a delicate woman rubbing bed-clothes over a wash-board from morning till night, and a herculean gentleman measuring rolls of lace and delicate ribbons, would make a Pawnee laugh at our assumption of chivalry.

A Paradise where Women Vote.—A letter from Canada says:—It may be interesting to the advocates of Woman's Rights to know that we have admitted women to some of the franchises, the withdrawal of which was greatly complained of at the Worcester Convention. The other day, at the election of School Trustees, several women voted, their right to do so having been legalized at the last session of the Provincial Parliament.

For the Lily.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

* * * I shall not undertake to contend for woman's rights at the ballot box, or insist upon her capacity for self-government, any more than I would insist that she has a right to chop her own wood. That she is capable of the former, and often obliged to perform the latter service, is too well known to require proof. But neither of these offices are necessary for her to perform, any more than it is necessary for every man to be sent to the Legislature or to go to Congress. That men and women are so constituted that they should occupy different spheres, no reasonable person will deny. But this does not imply inferiority. And if women are to be lectured into the belief of R. H. Dana and his disciples, that they are to "reverence and stand in awe of man," will these lords of creation be pleased to tell us *what sort* of a man? Is it a woman's duty to "reverence and stand in awe of" a licentious, brutal, or drunken husband? Is a human being to be reverenced merely on account of sex?

If men so much enjoy the reverence and respect of their wives, they have only to make themselves worthy. I never knew a woman in my life who was not as proud as Lucifer if she was married to a literary man, or to what the world calls a smart man, and who was not willing to submit to almost any or every domestic inconvenience, rather than disturb his literary pursuits or interrupt his literary cogitations. But I do not know a man who I *think* would be willing to drink muddy coffee, eat a burnt pudding, or put the children to bed, for the sake of allowing his wife a little time for mental improvement. If she can "do the one, and not leave the other undone," she is welcome to her literature. A literary man employs all his time, and concentrates his whole energies upon some particular or favorite science; and instead of detracting from, it only enhances his popularity—no matter if he is a perfect dunce with regard to everything else. A literary *woman* must not neglect the smallest tithe of her multifarious duties, or she is condemned without judgment or mercy, as a slatternly "blue stocking."

I am aware that many women have their rights, and some women have a great deal more than their rights. But it is only in the middle and higher classes that woman can be made a useless pet. When a man has nothing but a trade, a profession or a clerkship to depend upon, and spends all he earns to enable his wife to wear fine clothes and live in idleness, it is no proof that she is obtaining her rights. It only shows her a vain and unfeeling woman, and that her husband has sadly misplaced his affections. This foolish slavery on the part of the husband, and unfeeling exaction on the part of the wife, is an unmistakable proof that neither have received a proper domestic education or understand their relative duties. I do not wish to contend for women's rights any farther than that every avenue to labor—when she is physically capable of performing it—shall be thrown open to her, and that the same price shall be paid her for the same amount of labor, if as well performed, as is paid to men. And if she is to be condemned as intellectually inferior, let it be after she has received the same advantages that is conferred upon the other sex. The superficial education of girls is completed at about the same age that their brothers enter upon theirs.

When men express so much anxiety lest women should step out of her sphere, or alarm at her claiming his "attributes," it would be wise for him to take a more extensive view of the subject than he has hitherto done, and he will be apt to discover that there is a large class of women who have never been *in* their sphere, and that woman has assumed his "attributes" long before she ventured to pry into the vestibule of the sciences. What but the wrongs of women have driven so many from their spheres—with no alternative but starvation—to a life of infamy?—Let females have employment, and reasonable wages, in all branches of business suited to [illegible] capacities, in our large towns and cities, and a very few would ever step out of their "sphere."

Reviewer.

SORROWS OF SEWING WOMEN.

A meeting of the Sewing Women of this city was held a few evenings since, to consider what means might be devised to improve their circumstances and prospects. In the course of the evening a pale, feeble looking woman rose and asked leave to make some statements. In a modest, unaffected strain she proceeded to unfold a little of her own experience. She had sought employment at shirt making, as the only means she could adopt for self-support, and had been engaged by a house interested in supplying the California market. The price allowed her was 10 cents each, and by the closest application she had succeeded in sewing two shirts a day, or one dozen per week. She rented a room for which she paid sixty-two and a half cents a week, out of her earnings of one dollar and twenty cents, leaving fifty-seven and a half cents for fuel, food, clothing, light &c., for a whole week!!

For three weeks she had not tasted meat, except once at the house of a lady who asked her to dine. Her daily fare was bread and tea, and small allowances of these. The same drawing of tea was doubtless washed over and over again till it no longer discolored the water, and this, with the dry bread, was to furnish the nourishment that was to support her through the long hours of toilsome application. No wonder she was pale.—No wonder her frail frame trembled and at times seemed ready to sink to the floor. She sat down, and a momentary silence followed, and tears started in many eyes, and many hearts were burdened with emotion.

It was enough to call up tears and burden the heart, that plain, simple tale of unrequited toil and suffering. But, alas, how many more, worthy, virtuous, lovely women, capable of being the angels of home and missionaries of tenderness and pity among the distressed, could tell the same tale of want and woe. We may reckon them by thousands in this city. They are toiling twelve to fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and all they make barely keeps them from starvation. Every chip, or stick, or piece of coal added to the little fire over which the poor sewing woman shivers, is parted with sorrowfully; she knows not how to make the fuel last till her task is done. She does not expect to be warm, only to keep her fingers from stiffening, that she may sew, sew, sew. She takes her dry bread and so-called tea, not expecting to be refreshed, but only kept from sinking, that she may sew, sew, sew, sew. Perhaps she is a widow, and a little one claims part of her time and care. But she has no time to love and fondle it. She can only think of keeping it from hunger and cold. The infant itself, accustomed to its mothers anxious look, looks anxious too, and rarely smiles. It is a desperate struggle for life that is going on among all these sewing women, and the wonder is that death and starvation are held at bay so long.—Not less wonderful is it that we can know of such a struggle going on in our midst, and not be in anguish of heart till something is done to succor the sufferers.

The degree of suffering endured by this class of our fellow citizens is intense in mid winter, when fuel is so dear that the whole of their earnings would hardly buy enough coal to keep them warm. Something may be done to alleviate this by our standing charities, but the main evil, of shockingly depressed wages, calls for other and more radical treatment. What shall be done, and when? [N. Y. Organ.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

APRIL, 1851.

TEMPERANCE AND POLITICS.

We are glad to learn, as we do from our exchanges, that in very many places the question of license or no license was made the test at the town elections this spring, and that the result, in most cases, was a temperance triumph. Temperance men met in council and resolved to support the party which should nominate practical temperance men for its candidates, whether they be whig or democrat; and if neither party should nominate such men, then they would get up a third ticket of their own. These men nobly stood by their principles and their resolves, and richly are they repaid for their upright and consistent course. In the town of Warsaw, Wyoming Co., the temperance candidate for Supervisor had more votes than both of the regular party candidates; and a temperance Justice was elected by a large majority. *Ten* towns in that County have declared by their votes that they will grant no licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks for the ensuing year.

In Rochester the temperance party have triumphed. Our Member of Assembly, Hon Orin Southwick, of Junius, owes his election to his temperance friends; he being, as is well known an uncompromising temperance man. In Oswego the enemy was vanquished and temperance the victor. But we will not enumerate. Several towns in Cayuga Co. have declared against license, and in many counties east and west, north and south, a like result has followed the efforts of the friends of our cause. The spirit seems to be stirred up, and men have dared to stand nobly by their principles, notwithstanding the cry of the rumocracy against carrying temperance into politics. This is right, and as it should be. *Principle*, before *party*, should be the motto of every friend of temperance. If all temperance men would act upon this principle, they would soon bring politicians to terms. There are good temperance men in both political parties, and if the advocates of temperance would attend caucuses in their strength, they could nominate such men as they could vote for, without sundering party ties. But when such nominations are not made—when the candidates for office are known to favor the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, then it is not only right, but it is the *duty* of every temperance man, be his politics what they may, to defeat the election of such candidates. It matters but little whether our supervisors, justices and constables are whigs or democrats, but it is an important question whether they will look carefully after the interests of community, whether they will soberly and impartially administer justice, and whether they will faithfully search out and punish offenders.

To vote rumsellers and rum drinkers into office, and then complain because liquor is sold and drank, and untold evils accrue to community in consequence, is the height of absurdity. We have such temperance men in abundance ance in our village—men who disgrace the noble cause they are pledged to sustain, and the sooner they show their true colors the better.—We believe temperance *should be carried into politics*. No question can be raised involving so much the weal or woe of the whole people as this. On nothing so much depends the happiness and prosperity, the intelligence and enlightenment of community. Look upon a community where intoxicating drinks are unknown, and then upon one given to drunkenness, and judge whether this be so. No one doubts it. How strange, then, that men will disregard their true interests, and instead of crushing the monster vice of intemperance in the dust, will, by their votes, give it strength to destroy with redoubled vigor.

"DREADFUL UNCOMFORTABLE."

"An old lady found a frog in her tea-kettle, and politely requested him to come out, which he politely refused to do. "Well," said she, "as you please; I shall not use force or compel you to leave your quarters, but I shall make you DREADFUL UNCOMFORTABLE." So saying, she put the kettle over the fire, and the frog was soon glad to hop out."

I understand, dear Lily, that those respectable (?) distillers, of whom you made mention in your last paper, are preparing to locate themselves, with their herd of swine, right beside me. Now this will make me "dreadful uncomfortable," but, inasmuch as I own the tea kettle, I think I ought to be politely invited to walk out, with the offer of some four or five thousand dollars, and not, like the poor frog, be forced to hop out, particularly as I have no other place to hop into. I am right glad this infamous business of distilling is going into the hands of the "rich and respectable," as they will be able to buy out all the region round about the distillery, and thus let the swine family form a kind of aristocracy among themselves. I being a thorough Democrat, would gladly keep clear of all such exclusives.

Although rumsellers tell us the perfume of a distillery is healthful, yet to my olfactories, the pure, unadulterated air is greatly preferable, and I would not willingly exchange the perfume of linden and locust trees, of honey suckles, violets and the budding grape, for the heavy odours of fermenting grains and filthy hogs; for next to a drunkard the most disgusting beast I know, is a hog. Ah! me, how sorry I am that my christian neighbour found it in his heart to sell his highly respectable flouring mill for so diabolical a purpose. Is there nothing, dear Lily, we can do to make distillers "dreadful uncomfortable." ***

E. C. Stanton

We truly sympathise with our friend who in the above deplores the erection of the mammoth distillery so near to her beautiful home. We think with her, that the men who have engaged in this infamous business should purchase the land for some extent around them, and then, if they are fond of the stench arising from their hog pens and swill tubs, they can take up their own residence there. Some mercy at least should be shown to their neighbors. We wonder if they would be pleased to have a distillery and hog pens, slaughter house or stable, erected near their doors?

But we think our good friend takes but a narrow view of the evils which will flow from the great distillery. True, the impure and unhealthy atmosphere which surrounds it will be very offensive, and may cause sickness and death in her family; but she seems to forget the still greater danger which this engine of satan throws in the way of those three or four lovely boys whom she wishes to rear in the ways of temperance and virtue. For their sakes she should arouse every energy of her nature to avert the danger, and to hasten the downfall and closing up of this gateway to destruction. The distillery will be an abomination in the sight of God, and a stench in His nostrils, and oh! to how many will it prove the pitfall which shall launch them into a drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell! The hearts of wives and mothers will be wrung with anguish, and the tears of suffering will freely flow. The orphan's prayer will ascend to heaven, and the widow's wail of agony be borne upon the breeze. Wretchedness in every form—misery of the deepest kind—crime of every hue—and sufferings indescribable—all this, and *more*, will this cursed engine of misery bring with it, and entail upon the people. But what of it? Two or three men will get rich and live luxuriously, (or, what is more probable, in the end become poor) and they stop not to enquire how many poor souls they will grind in the dust, or how much suffering they will cause?

The writer asks if there is nothing we can do to make distilleries "dreadful uncomfortable?" We should think she had learned, ere this, the extent of woman's power, and could herself answer the question; but as we are appealed to, we must bethink ourself if there is any way in which such a thing can be done. As far as our knowledge extends, you cannot make a liquor seller "uncomfortable" by appeals to his feelings or his conscience, for they are callous; the only way he is affected is through his pockets. We know not how the case stands with the *manufacturer*, but we presume there is a similarity between them. They who, in this enlightened day, in the face of all the evidence shown against this pernicious traffic, will in any way engage in it, cannot easily be made "uncomfortable." We advise that the distillery be complained of as a nuisance. The *law* in such case will remove it; and if our friend has more money to bribe drunken lawyers and judges, than have the distillers, she will gain her case, otherwise it is *hopeless*.

Something New and Very Nice.

T. A. ROCKWELL'S Newspaper and Letter Clasps, a specimen of which have been laid on our table. They are just the things we wanted, and we are greatly obliged to the Agent for introducing them to our notice. The Newspaper Clasp answers its purpose well, and is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. No one should be without them who wish to keep a file of their papers. The Letter Clasp is a very desirable and useful article, and combines the beautiful with the useful. It is an article much needed by lawyers, justices, clergymen, editors, and all literary men and women, and when once used will be found almost indispensable. It is a plump tiny hand which may be placed upon the table or desk, and will effectually prevent papers or letters being disturbed or blown away by the wind. It can be adjusted in a moment so as to hold them firm in its grasp. These, together with the Bed Clasp for fastening the bed-clothes so as to prevent their removal by children, may be obtained at Dr. Clark's Drug and Book Store in this village, or of the patentee at 293 Pearl-st., New York.

OUR DRESS.

Reader, ours, behold us now in short dress and trowsers, and then, if you please, give free vent to your feelings on the subject—praise or blame, approve or condemn, as may suit you best. We have become used to both, and are indifferent as to your opinion. We did not think, when we expressed our approval of the proposed change, that we should so soon be drawn into it ourself; but as we feel it incumbent upon us to practice what we preach, we felt the necessity of putting our principles into practice at once.

It is really amusing to hear the different opinions of people on the subject. The majority of the gentlemen are in favor of the dress; some laugh and appear indifferent, and now and then one looks at us with a frown and a scowl, as tho' he would annihilate us were it in his power to do so. The women are many of them decidedly opposed to the change; others laugh, and say "*you look so queer*," others still, come out in our favor, and many have already adopted the dress. Among the first class of women, there are two or three of our good friends who have taken the matter sadly to heart, and are sorely grieved at our misdoings. We are sorry to wound the feelings of friends, but we are such an unfortunate mortal that we cannot turn without stepping on some one's toes; and if we do try to be careful it is all in vain, for before we are aware some one cries out, *hit*. So we must e'en go our own way, and our friends must make allowance for our ignorance and awkwardness. One of the friends referred to. wrote us a letter, lamenting our depraved taste, and enclosed a comic picture of some men and women dancing.

The women had on short skirts, and as they appear to be dancing out of doors, the wind made sails of their full dresses and exposed their legs to the knee, and above. The legs were pretty long, and though they had on trowsers they were pretty tight, giving them altogether a very comic appearance. We had a hearty laugh at the picture, and cast both it and the letter into the fire. We don't expect to dance that figure very soon, but when we do, shall consider the short dress as just the thing—there is so much more freedom and elasticity attending it.

Another lady delivered our husband a Sunday lecture on the subject, and begged him to "exercise his *authority*" to prevent our putting on the talked of dress.

To this friend we would say that it is our pleasure in all things important to consult the wishes of our husband, and to do nothing without his consent and approval. We ever aim to act in concert, and we are happy to say that in this matter of dress, he is on our side. If she would have him, at any time, exert an influence for good over us, she must find some other way for him to do it than by the exercise of "*authority*." It is a word unknown, and its power unacknowledged, in our domestic circle. If she has never found that there is a better way to rule than that of dictation and tyranny we pity her. A silken cord is sometimes stronger than an iron chain, and a respectful entreaty has more power than the tyrant's command. We are sorry to have been the cause of so much concern as to disturb our good sister's devotions, but we hope that her mind has become settled ere this, and that hereafter she will not be so troubled about us again.

Those who think we look "*queer*," would do well to look back a few years, to the time when they wore ten or fifteen pounds of petticoat and bustle around the body. and balloons on their arms, and then imagine which cut the *queerest* figure, they or we. We care not for the frowns of over-fastidious gentlemen; we have these of better taste and less questionable morals to sustain us. If men think they would be comfortable in long, heavy skirts, let them put them on—we have no objection. We are more comfortable without them, and so have left them off.—We do not say we shall wear this dress and no other, but we *shall* wear it for a common dress; and we hope it may become so fashionable that we may wear it at all times, and in all places, without being thought singular. We have already become so attached to it that we dislike changing to a long one.

☞ The article of "Harriet," on tobacco, is declined. It is too long, and does not possess sufficient interest to be generally read. The subject is of vast importance, and one which we should like to see attracting more attention. We have several times published articles showing the deleterious and poisoning effects of tobacco on the human system; but the evil is of such magnitude that we have little hopes of ever seeing it overcome. With this, as with intoxicating drinks, man claims the almost exclusive right to its use, He seems to consider his ability to smoke and munch the filthy weed, a badge of manhood; hence we see boys of eight or ten years taking their first lessons, and aping their seniors in the filthy practice. We presume if women should take it into their heads to drink, and smoke, and chew, and spit, men would cry out *unclean*.—Yet we contend, that if it is right and *necessary* for man to indulge in such luxuries, it is just as right and necessary that woman should do so. The same code of morals should govern both; and there is no reason why men should make beasts of themselves, and then claim to be loved and respected by virtuous and intelligent women. The virtues which they expect to find in her, they should practice themselves.

Our only hope of reform in the use of tobacco, lies in the mothers of the land. They may so educate their sons that they will loathe and abhor the vile stuff. What mother will allow her *daughters* to contract the habit of smoking and chewing tobacco? And yet they permit their *sons* to do it, and utter no word of reproof. If it is right for the boy, it is just as right for the girl; and the one should not be allowed and encouraged to form bad habits any more than the other. The notion that boys must grow up addicted to every evil practice, because they are boys, and that girls must be pure and good, because they are girls, we should like to see exploded. This idea has caused much mischief in the world, but we hope new light is breaking upon the darkened understanding of mothers, and that they will yet learn that purity of life is as necessary for their sons, as for their daughters, if they wish to fit them for the society and enjoyment of each other. Not until mothers turn their attention in earnest to this subject, can we hope for any mitigation of the great evils which now afflict society.

WOMAN'S TONGUE AND [illegible]

Not only can woman grace the social [illegible] with her admirable colloquial capabilities, but [illegible] is giving proof of her power to wield the [illegible] most effectually. We doubt if there is an [illegible] tor in the country who does not welcome Mrs. Swisshelm's "Visiter" weekly to his table, and if he has sense enough to enjoy piquant criticism, sprightly fancy, and frank, sterling home-thrusts at error, rejoice that woman sometimes has courage to "wander out of her sphere," and show that she has talent.

But the "Visitor" does not come alone—"The Lily," as modest in name as it is meritorious in matter, is another evidence that the sphere of woman has been made more narrow than her power to do good. Mrs. Bloomer's paper, "the Lily," is published at Seneca Falls, New York, at fifty cents a year, and if it is allowed to die for want of liberal patronage, we shall pity the bad taste and worse sense of the reading public. It really is refreshing to get Mrs. Bloomer on one side of us and Mrs. Swisshelm on the other—editorially, we mean, of course—and have a nice chat with these heroines of the quill. If their faces and hearts are portrayed by the fair features and warm sentiments of these eloquent companions of ours, we do not blame Messrs. B. and S. for securing a life lease of both. Now don't get jealous, friends. this affection *may* not be mutual. [American Phren. Journal.

It is very naughty in you, Messrs. Fowler & Wells, to pretend ignorance as to the state of our affections; for you must know that both Mrs. S. and ourself have long felt a strong attachment for you. We have taken such delight in listening to your talk—have felt such happiness in your presence, and so anxiously watched your every look and word, and now to have you doubt us—it is enough to break one's heart.

It may not be thought very lady-like in us to tell you our sentiments, instead of fainting and getting up a scene over your declaration; but you know we have a fashion of our own of doing things, and don't stop to ask, "what will people say?"

We wonder which would suffer most from jealousy, Messrs. B. and S., or Mrs. F. and W., if they knew what was going on. We must keep them in the dark, if possible, but if they find out, let them get up a "counter flirtation" if they please.

"Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion."—Such is the title of a new weekly literary paper just started in Boston. It is beautifully printed, on fine white paper, and is altogether the neatest thing we have seen in the newspaper line. Its proprietor may well feel proud of this specimen of typographical art.—The pictorial department promises to rival that of the popular magazines. The number before us has views of Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and of the Park, Broadway, New York; a fine engraving of the Steamship Atlantic, and one of the Glass Palace, London. Many fine views and portraits, are promised for succeeding numbers, which, together with its choice original reading matter, cannot fail to win for the "Pictorial" a high place among the literary publications of the day.

Terms, $3 per annum, for single copies, or $2 dollars when taken in clubs of eight.

☞ We want more subscribers! Will those who like our paper help to obtain them? We can still furnish back numbers from the 1st of January, if desired.

For the Lily.

WHAT SAYS HISTORY OF WOMAN?

Is not strange that man is so slow to admit intellectual power, the moral heroism of woman? How can he, with the pages of history spread out before him, doubt her identity with himself? That there have been, comparatively, a greater number of good queens, than of good kings, is a fact stated by several historians.

Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of the East, is not exceeded by any king on record, for talent, courage, and daring ambition. The Emperor Aurelian, while besieging her beautiful city of Palma, writes thus—"The Roman people speak with contempt of the war I am waging with a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and the power of Zenobia." She was possessed of intellectual attainments very unusual in that age, and was a liberal patron of literature and science. No contemporary sovereign is represented as capable of such high pursuits.

Margaret, Queen of Denmark, Norway and Sweden—justly called the Semiramis of the North—by her talent, energy, firmness and foresight, raised herself to a degree of power and grandeur then unequalled in Europe.

No monarch has ever rivalled Isabella of Spain, in bravery, sagacity, political wisdom, or a proud sense of honor. Yet these characteristics were united with the purest modesty and the warmest feminine affections. Ferdinand, her husband, was her inferior in mind, heart, and nobility of character; yet as a wife and mother she seems to have been a more perfect model than of a queen.

Austria has produced no wiser or better sovereign than Maria Theresa, to whose strength of character her nobles paid involuntary homage, when they unanimously exclaimed, "We will die for our King Maria Theresa." She, too, was the most affectionate of wives and most devoted of mothers.

In England, it was common to hear the people talk of King Elizabeth and Queen James.

Catherine, of Russia, bears honorable comparison with Peter the Great.

The annals of Africa furnish no example of a monarch, equal to the brave, intelligent, proud hearted Zinga, the negro Queen of Angola.

Blanche, of Castile, evinced great ability in administering the government of France, during the minority of her son; and similar praise is due to Caroline, of England, during the absence of her husband.

What did woman not do, what did she not suffer, in our Revolutionary struggle? In all great national difficulties her heart has always been found to beat in the right place. She has ever been loyal to her country and her tyrants. "He has said it, and it must be right," was the remark of Josephine, in her happy days, when her own judgment suggested a change of course from the one marked out to her by Napoleon; but she lived long enough to learn that her tyrant might both do, and say, much that was not right.

It has happened more than once, that in a great crisis of national affairs, woman has been appealed to for her aid. Hannah More, one of the great minds of her day, at a time when French, revolutionary and atheistical opinions were spreading, was earnestly besought by many eminent men, to write something to counteract these destructive influences. Her style was so popular, and she had shown so intimate a knowledge of human nature, that they hoped much from her influence. Her "Village Politics," by "Will Chip," written in a few hours, showed that she merited the opinion entertained, of her power upon all classes of mind. It had, as was expected, great effect. The tact and intelligence of this woman, completely turned the tide of opinion, and many say prevented a revolution.—Whether she did old England's poor any essential service, in thus warding off what must surely come, is a question. However, she did it, and the wise ones of her day gloried in her success. Strange that, surrounded by such a galaxy of distinguished minds, so great a work should have been given, with one accord, to a woman to perform!!

OUR COSTUME.

Let the silk worm stay in its cocoon, until its own wants compel it to throw it aside. Let every woman stay in her long petticoats, until she feels the necessity of a change; then no opposition, or trivial objections, will deter her; then she will not doubt or hesitate as to what she shall do; she will not heed the remarks of rude men and boys, and unmannerly women. Though I do not wish to convince any woman against her will, of the reasonableness of this change, yet I would answer some of the objections I have heard.—Some say the Turkish costume is not graceful. Grant it. For parlor dolls, who loll on crimson velvet couches, and study attitudes before tall mirrors—for those who have no part to perform in the great drama of life, for whose heads, hearts and hands, there is no work to do, the drapery is all well;—let them hang it on, thick and heavy as they please; though, to the highest artistic taste, the human form is most beautiful, most graceful, wholly undraped and unadorned. Are not the Graces themselves, thus represented?—I have seen galleries of beautiful paintings and statuary, in the old world, but nowhere is the ideal female form to be found in a huge whalebone bodice and bedraggled skirt. If the graceful is what you aim it, study the old painters and sculptors, and not Godey's Book of Fashion. But for us, common place, every day, working characters, who wash and iron, bake and brew, carry water and fat babies up stairs and down, bring potatoes, apples, and pans of milk from the cellar, run our own errands, through mud or snow; shovel paths, and work in the garden; why "the drapery" is quite too much—one might as well work with a ball and chain. Is being born a woman so criminal an offense, that we must be doomed to this everlasting bondage? "But," say some, "it is not the fashion!" Neither is it the fashion to be honest and virtuous, to lead simple, pure, and holy lives. The true, the earnest soul is always odd. Again, "some women of doubtful character, are proposing to wear the short dress." Well, have they not also worn the long one? "But the men and boys laugh at us."—That is a strong reason in its favor. It is good to be laughed at; the more ridicule you encounter the better. It strengthens and develops the character to stand alone. "What will the people say?" has been a powerful weapon, in crushing many generous impulses, high resolves, and noble deeds. Women are said to have excessive love of approbation; therefore must we cultivate indifference to the opinions of others, but be ever alive to their sufferings. Let the weal and the woe of humanity be everything to us, but their praise and their blame of no account. E. C. S.

READER! do you take the Phrenological Journal? If not, you know not how much you lose. It is worth half a dozen of the popular magazines, and costs but a third as much. We know of no more really useful and interesting publications, than this and the Water Cure Journal.—If attentively read, they would save many a doctor's bill, as well as do much to enlighten and elevate the mind.

☞ One or two articles which we designed publishing in this number, are crowded out.—They will lose nothing by keeping.

A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources are now impelled to coarse and brutal pleasure.

Dr. South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—A friend of mine has had the kindness to send me the March number of the Lily that blooms in your quiet vale; and I have been thinking how lovely it has grown under your watchful care.

I am pleased with some articles that meet my eye, very much. The reformation that has so long been contemplated, I rejoice to see going on. But I do not think woman can be justly censured for the error she is in; is it not the way she has been educated, and is the fault not their's who have been the ones to guide her youthful steps?

Woman is an erring creature, in almost every branch of her education. She has been taught to think she had no higher aim than to decorate her person, and to nurse her hands to make them "delicate and tiny." She has not been taught that she must be industrious and useful, and that to *think and act* was the great object for which she was created.

The words of the "holy writ" sustain this point, which say, "woman was created as a help meet for man." Now, in order to be a helpmate, she must enjoy the same advantages and rights that fall to the lot of man. When the institutions of knowledge and of science are thrown open to the young ladies of our land—when they are taught to *think* and *know* for themselves, then may they be charged with being "*inferior*" and "*incapable*," if they remain in ignorance. Give them the advantages which men possess, and then, instead of seeing so many of our sex with no higher aim than to display their charms and "fol-de-rols," just as they are getting old enough to be useful, we shall see them poring over volumes that have long been "laid by," and their minds expanding into newness of life. Fiction *must* be thrown aside almost entirely, and the mind stored with that which is substantial and useful. The hours, aye, *weeks*, that are spent in worse than idleness must be improved, and each day would bring forth its fruit.

Woman's education has been erroneous in every important point, and I rejoice to see her eyes opening. It is high time the world was getting turned "up side down," as it is termed. Had the work of reformation been commenced years ago, it would have been easier than now.

But I fear I shall make an unpardonable intrusion upon your time and attention, and will conclude. Will you send two copies of the Lily to the north? We will nurse it tenderly, and endeavor to keep it "fresh and fair," a long, long time. The blasts from our northern waters may blow severely upon its tiny stalk for a while, yet will we nurse it still more tenderly. And as often as it buds and blooms we shall anxiously inhale its fragrance.

Ontario Borders, March, 1851.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. H. B. STANTON for copies of both the majority and minority reports of the select committees on the license laws. We have not room to notice them as we could wish. The majority report is short, and in favor of license under certain restrictions, making the dealer responsible for all damages which may result from the sale. The minority report is more full, and brings many facts to sustain the demands of the people for *entire prohibition*. It claims that "the people have a right to be protected by law, from the evils of intemperance, and that ENTIRE PROHIBITION is the only protection which the Legislature can give." We are, of course, with the minority. Nothing short of prohibition will put a stop to the evils of the traffic. To talk of compelling runsellers to pay, in dollars and cents, for the destruction of life and property they may cause—to think of healing the lacerated hearts of friends, or atone for the disgrace and infamy which attaches to the children of the drunkard, by offering them money, is the height of cruelty, and an outrage upon their feelings.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILD AND THE DEWDROPS.

"Oh, Father! dear father, why pass they away,
Those dewdrops that sparkled at dawning of day,
That glitter'd like stars by the light of the moon—
Oh! why are those dewdrops dissolving so soon!
Hath the sun, in its wrath, chased their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded, the flowers still remain,
But the dewdrops have fled from the petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes!
There, there, are the dewdrops, in glory reset,
'Midst the jewels of heaven they're glittering yet.
And thus are we taught, by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not for beauty though fading away?
For if youth in its freshness and beauty be riven,
'Tis but borne from this earth to beam brighter in heaven."

Alas, for the father! how little knew he
That the words he had spoken, prophetic could be!
That the beautiful child, the bright star of his day,
Was e'en like the dewdrop, dissolving away!
Sad, sad, was the father, when lo in the skies
The rainbow again shed its beautiful dyes;
And then he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And he thought of his child and the dewdrops in heaven!

THE TAVERN KEEPER'S FAMILY.

About fifty years ago, a young man named Morven, who had been a butler in a nobleman's family in the North of Scotland; came to the large city of A——, and opened a hotel. His house soon became celebrated as being the most handsomely furnished, and for having the best served table of any hotel in the length and breadth of the land; his cellars were furnished with the richest wines, and the best of all kinds of ardent spirits, and such was the flow of company to his house, that he soon became able to purchase the building, which at first he only rented.

After a short time, he married the daughter of one of the most respectable merchants in the city. He still continued to increase in wealth and respectability. Year after year he continued to add to his house in size, comfort and elegance. And when his family (which consisted of one son and four daughters) began to grow up, the son was sent to Oxford, and the daughters to the best boarding school in England.—But, a gradual change had been coming over the horizon of their prosperity and happiness. Mr. Morven had several times been seen in a state, which at least, testified his satisfaction with the quality of his own liquor. And Mrs. Morven, who had once been beautiful, amiable and highly accomplished, was now frequently obliged to lay down in the afternoon, under the pretence of fatigue or weakness, but those who knew her well, strongly suspected that it was a too frequent application to the wine bottle, which was the cause of all her disability.

When their daughters returned from school, they were received into the best class of society the city afforded. Their son also returned a finished gentleman; but they had neglected giving him a profession, intending that he should in time take his father's place. In the meantime, as he had nothing to do, he amused himself in the company of all the idle spendthrifts about town; he betted at horse races, and soon became addicted to every species of gambling. His parents remonstrated with him on his folly and wickedness in spending so much time and money, but it was of no avail; he still continued his course of dissipation, until he got involved in a serious quarrel, caused by liquor and gambling, which obliged him to leave the country; he still, however continued to draw considerable sums from his father; at last they ceased to hear from him, and after a great deal of fruitless inquiry they ascertained that he had been killed in a drunken brawl, at a low gambling house in London.

About this time their youngest and most beautiful daughter returned from school; and for a time, things seemed to look up a little in their own eyes. As yet, the public had seen nothing of the misery which was slowly but surely, coming upon them. After their days of mourning were expired, the Misses Morven again entered society, the gayest of the gay. Some very discovering people did not fail to remark the inequality of spirits which often appeared in the three eldest, but they failed to trace it to its true source; but again a change came over them, the youngest (Miss Jane) gradually withdrew herself from society. But for what? let us view her in her privacy. She had time after time, too, seen her mother intoxicated. Yes, dear reader, her fine and gentle mind had been shocked, by seeing her who had given her birth, in a state of beastly intoxication. She felt degraded, and almost overcome, but she determined to confine herself to home and endeavor to guard her mother from the eye of the public. To add still more to her grief, her father was frequently in the same state, and her sisters, one and all, were in the habit of resorting to the wine bottle in order to raise their spirits; and although they laughed at her for her abstemiousness, she persevered in a resolution she had made, never to touch the accursed thing. She used every endeavor, art and entreaty, to persuade her sisters to form a similar resolution, but all to no purpose. Her entreaties were generally met either with scorn, or the usual weapon of pride, "O, there is no fear of me becoming a drunkard." How often have these very words been the precursors of ruin! "There is no fear of me," being in the mouths of all who are really fond of a glass; from the youth who has just begun to tipple, to the gray haired toper, all are instigated by pride to believe that there is no fear of them.

But to return to our story; Mrs. Morven gradually became more and more addicted to liquor, her eldest daughter assumed the office of housekeeper, and poor Jane still continued to watch over and guard her from every eye. Even their most intimate friends had no idea of the extreme to which she had gone in intemperance. But Jane's cares were suddenly brought to a close, by the death of her mother, which took place after a few days illness, brought on by an excessive fit of drinking. Jane's grief was intense, but it was nothing to what it became when, relieved from her attendance on her mother, she became aware of the great change which had taken place in her father and sisters. The former had to be assisted to bed every night, and the latter could not be said to be sober. Miss Morven was engaged to a physician, an excellent young man with a rising practice; and Jane hoped that when her sister was removed from her father's roof, where there was no temptation, that she would give up the evil practice, and become a reformed character. Months flew past, and Miss Morven's wedding day was set. Poor Jane witnessed much in her sister, during that interval, shocking to behold; she had even debated in her own mind, the propriety of allowing her to get married, without informing her intended of the great appetite she had imbibed for strong drink. She was not, however, called upon to decide, for during her absence the doctor had called and no one being there to screen her sister, he found her in a state of senseless intoxication, and waited only to assure himself of the fact. Next morning he wrote to her, declining all further connexion with her, at the same time hoping sincerely that she would reform, and informing her that he would not divulge the cause of their intended union being broken off; she might therefore give it out to the world in any light she pleased. It needed but this to precipitate her ruin; in a few weeks she, too, was laid in a drunkard's grave, but the world called her the victim of the perfidy and insincerity of man. Jane now took the entire management of the house, endeavored to persuade her father to sell and retire to a house where they could have private boarders, but no, he would not listen to such a proposition. Poor girl, she endeavored to do the best she could, but she saw plainly they were fast approaching the precipice, over which they must all soon fall. It came sooner than even she anticipated.

Her two remaining sisters kept a fair exterior to the world, but it became whispered that they were in the habit of indulging pretty freely in the intoxicating draught. One respectable friend after another dropped their acquaintance. We could not follow the wretched girls through all the stages of their degradation, but they fell so low, that they were both carried home on a barrow by the police on the same evening. This was too much for poor Jane, she rushed from the house, and was never again seen in life. Next morning her body was found near the mouth of the harbor, by some fishermen. It was supposed she had drowned herself in a fit of temporary insanity. She, the youngest, the most beautiful and the best, was now gone; all control was removed from over them; their drunken revelries and debaucheries now became so notorious that no respectable person would enter the house.—Article after article of the furniture was sold to supply them with the means to carry on their orgies, until nothing remained but the bare walls. At length the house itself was sold, and they were turned into the street with scarcely enough to cover their nakedness. Where now is the gentlemanly Mr. Morven, and his once beautiful and accomplished daughters? Where now is that splendidly furnished house, with every comfort and luxury which wealth could purchase or ingenuity supply? Behold all that remains of the former in that tattered, miserable, shaking old man, and these two bloated, disgusting, dirty looking women. The latter is now in the possession of others who may be destined, ere long, to tread the same course, for when was prosperity ever known to continue with those who trafficked in the abominable stuff!

[Scottish League.

The ladies of Buffalo, to the number of 2200, recently petitioned the Legislature for an act authorizing some designated body to take into custody and provide for the swarms of vagrant children who are now growing up in ignorance and crime. There are thousands in all cities who find a lodging in the House of Correction, or at a more mature age, in the State Prison, solely for the lack of care and training proper to the formation of character through the influence of industrial and educational pursuits. It is more economical to assume the custody of these houseless and breadless wanderers, and provide them the means of future usefulness, than to attempt their reformation in the State Prison at more advanced ages, since to have been an inmate of such an institution is to black-ball one's character for life. [Rochester Republican.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

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